By Lady *Fortune*, while our ſteare muſt play,
His daughter woe and heavie well-aday.
In her unholy ſervice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Metaline*. *Exit.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you ever heare the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor never ſhall do in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to have divinity preacht there, did you ever dreame of ſuch a thing?

2. *Gent.* No, no, come, I am for no more bawdy houſes, ſhall we go heare the Veſtals ſing?

1. *Gent.* Ile doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. *Exit.*

Enter the three Bauds.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, ſhe had n ere come here.

Baud. Fie, fie upon her, ſhe is able to frieze the god *Priapus*, and undoe a whole generation, we muſt either get her raviſht, or be rid of her, when ſhe ſhould do for clyents her fitment, and do me the kindneſſe of our profeſſion, ſhe has me her quirks, her reaſons, her maſter-reaſons, her prayers, her knees, that ſhee would make a puritane of the devill, if he ſhould cheapen a kiſſe of her.

Boult. Faith, I muſt raviſh her, or ſhe'l diſfurniſh us of all our Cavaleers, and make our ſwearers Prieſts.

Pand. Now the poxe upon her greene ſickneſſe for me.

Baud. Faith there's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the poxe. Here comes the Lord *Lyſimachus* diſguiſed.

Boult. We ſhould have both Lord and Lowne, if the peeviſh baggedge would but give way to cuſtomers.

Enter Lyſimachus.

Lyſ. How now, how a dozen of virginities?

Baud. Now the gods to bleſſe your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to ſee your honour in good health.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. You may ſo, tis the b
ſtand upon ſound legs, how
you, that a man may deale wi
Baud. We have one here ſi
But there never came her like
Lyſ. If ſhee'd doe the deede
Baud. Your honour knowe
Lyſ. Well, call forth, call f
Boult. For fleſh and blou
a Roſe, and ſhe were a Roſe
Lyſ. What prethee?
Boult. O ſir, I can be mode
Lyſ. That dignifies the re
gives a good report to a numb
Enter
Baud. Here comes that wh
Never pluckt yet I can aſſure
Is ſhe not a faire creaturt?
Lyſ. Faith ſhe would ſerve
Well, there's for you, leave
Baud. I beſeech your hono
And Ile have done preſently.
Lyſ. I beſeech you do.
Baud. Firſt, I would have y
Mar. I deſire to finde him
Baud. Next, hee's the Gov
whom I am bound to.
Mar. If he governe the Co
deed, but how honourable he
Baud. Pray you without an
uſe him kindly? he will line
Mar. What he will do gra
Lyſ. Have you done?
Baud. My Lord, ſhee's no
paines to worke her to your n
Honour and her together.

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